



NO. 133
JUNE

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

ALLY BATSON MOVES TO A
NEW HOME AND FINDS HIS
NEIGHBOR TO BE A BRILLIANT
BOY SCIENTIST, DEXTER KNOX.



WHAT IS THE MYSTERY BEHIND
THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF
POOPSIE THE PAMPERED PUP?
READ **THE DOG DILEMMA!**



THE PRESSURE PERIL

A BATTLE TO THE FINISH AS THE
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL MEETS
THE ANCIENT SUBHUMAN TERROR
KING KULL, ONCE MORE!



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CAPTAIN MARVEL

BATTLES THE PRESSURE PERIL



WHENEVER BILLY BUTLER is captured and imprisoned, there the word "SHAMBLU" is his unconditional trademark! INTO POWERSUIT, CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL HEROIC, AND COMBATS IN HIS SUPERIOR POWERS THE MONSTERS OF GIG OF THE SUPERST WAGES OF ALL TIME!



NO SOUND ON EARTH IS MORE spine-chilling than the MAD LAUGH OF KING KILL, THE DEATH-MAN! SOLE SURVIVOR OF AN ANCIENT RACE OF EVIL SLEAZEBAG, KING KILL LIVES ON FOR ONLY ONE PURPOSE---TO DESTROY THE WORLD AND EXTERMINATE THE HUMAN RACE! ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN MARVEL BATTLES GETTING HATE AND REVENGE, AS THE DEATHMAN SMASHES AT EARTH WITH HIS LATEST, MOST GHASTLY MENACE!



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BUT IT IS NOT THE VIOLENT BIRTH OF AN EARTHQUAKE THAT ROCKS A CAVERN DEEP UNDERGROUND!



IT IS A BATTLE BETWEEN CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, AND KING KULL, THE WORLD'S WORST ENEMY!



EARTH WILL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL I CAPTURE YOU, KING KULL! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



BUT THE EVIL BEASTMAN LAST SURVIVOR OF A RACE OF ANCIENT SUB-BEN, HAS STRENGTH AND STAMINA FAR BEYOND THAT OF ANY MERE HUMAN!



HA! I'M NOT TIRED YET! I'M NO HUMAN CREAM-PUFF! WE'VE ONLY BEEN FIGHTING AN HOUR!

I'VE STILL GOT ENOUGH POWER TO PUSH OVER THIS DAMN STALACTITE! HA HA HA!



HA HA HA! THOSE TONS OF ROCK WILL HOLD YOU DOWN WHILE I GET AWAY!

AND I'VE STILL GOT THIS THERMITE BOMB I STOLE UP ABOVE! NO HAAA!



ONLY FOR A STAINED AGENT IS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL HELD BACK BY THE CRUSHING LOAD!

HE WON'T GET OUT!



BUT THE DELAY HAS BEEN COSTLY!

HE GOT OUT OF SIGHT!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY BRANCH TUNNEL IN THIS UNDERGROUND MAZE UNTIL I FIND HIM!



AND I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WHY DID HE STEAL THAT INHERENT BEAM? WHAT TERRIBLE NEW PLOT TO DESTROY THE WORLD HAS HE COINED UP?

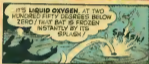


MEANWHILE, WINDING HIS WAY THROUGH DARK SUBTERRANEAN PITS, THE BEASTMAN REACHES HIS GOAL!

HERE'S WHAT I WANT!
THIS VAST UNDERGROUND POOL STRETCHES FOR MILES! AND IT ISN'T WATER...



IT'S LIQUID OXYGEN. AT TWO HUNDRED FIFTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO! THAT BUBBLES ARE FROZEN INSTANTLY BY ITS SPLASH!



HAND! CAPTAIN MARVEL FAILED TO STOP ME! I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR HIM!
CAPTAIN MARVEL - LETS SEE YOU PUT OUT THE THERMITE STARTING IN THIS



THE LIQUID OXYGEN, HEATED TO THE BOILING POINT, WILL MAKE A TERRIFIC ERUPTION OF GAS! THERE GOES THE THERMITE!



BY THE TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL FINALLY ARRIVES...

LIQUID OXYGEN, HEATED BY THERMITE! IT'S LIKE BOILING LAVA SEEKING ESCAPE! IT'LL FORM A RAGING VOLCANO - AND ERUPT TO THE SURFACE ANY MINUTE NOW!





THERE IT GOES!



WOW! LIKE A THOUSAND VOLCANO ERUPTIONS ROLLED INTO ONE!

AFTER THE FIRST FURIOUS BLAST, THE ERUPTION SETTLES DOWN TO A STEADY OUTPOURING OF LIBERATED GAS!



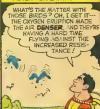
LUCKILY, IT'S ONLY OXYGEN GAS, NOT POISON! WHY, PEOPLE BREATHE OXYGEN! IT'S GOOD FOR THEM! WHY DO KINGS KILL, RELEASE IT? WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?

ELSEWHERE, THE BEWL BEASTMAN GLOATS IN SAVAGE ANTICIPATION!



WAIT TILL ALL THAT UNDERGROUND OXYGEN—BILLIONS AND TRILLIONS OF CUBIC FEET—COMES OUT! THERE IS ENOUGH TO DOUBLE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! IN TIME, IT WILL WRECK CIVILIZATION AND WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE! AAH NO NAAA!

IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL COMES UPON THE FIRST SIGN OF IMPENDING DISASTER FOR EARTH!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE BIRDS? OH, I GET IT—THE OXYGEN ERUPTION MADE THE AIR DENSER, AND THEY'RE HAVING A HARD TIME FLYING AGAINST THE INCREASED RESISTANCE!



WOW!

THAT WILL MAKE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR AIRPLANES TO FLY, TOO! BUT THAT BLIMP IS IN A DIFFERENT KIND OF DANGER!



IN THIS HEAVY AIR THE BLIMP WOULD GO HIGHER AND HIGHER, TILL THE NEW FORCE! I'LL MAKE A BRICK AND SAVE ME! CUT TO GROUND ALL AIRCRAFT!

THE OVERLORD OF GAYDEN MUST BE PRETTY WELL SPREAD AROUND THE WORLD BY NOW! I WONDER WHAT OTHER EFFECTS IT WILL HAVE?



NO HA! THIS IS HAPPENING
ALL OVER THE WORLD BY NOW!
EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH
IS SUFFERING THESE
AGONIES!

Gulp!
THE FROST!
I'LL GET
NOW!

BUT AS BILLY ATTEMPTS
TO SPEAK HIS WORD, A
NEW AND ALARMING
PHENOMENON APPEARS!

SH-SH-Z-Z-Z-
BRRRR!

HOLY MOLEY!
IT'S TURNING
COLD! MY TEETH
ARE CHATTERING!
AND THE SUN IS
GROWING DIM!

KING KILL ANNOUNCES THE GHOSTLY
FATE IN STORE FOR THE HUMAN
RACE!

HO HA HA! DO YOU
SEE, HUMAN GARDNER?
THE AIR IS THICK AS THICK
AS BERGHOFF! THAT COOLS
THE SUNLIGHT IN HALF!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS
WILL SOON BRING?
A NEW ICE AGE!

HO HA
HO HA!

HORRIFIED, BILLY AT LAST UNDER-
STANDS THE FULL HORROR OF
THE DOOM-FACING CIVILIZATION!

GULP! AN ICE AGE TO
WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE!
AND MY LIPS ARE NUMB
AND FROZEN! I WON'T
BE ABLE TO SAY MY WORD
UNLESS I CAN KNOCK
THESE ICEFLIES
AWAY!

SH-SH-SH!

AT LAST THE DETERMINED
BOY GETS HIS KEY WORD
OUT! MAGIC LIGHTNING
BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL!

POW!

I CAN'T WASTE MUCH TIME WITH
YOU RIGHT NOW, YOU MONSTER!
BUT WATER FROM THAT BRO-
KEN HYDRANT WILL KEEP
YOU...

POW!

... ON
ICE!

YOU STILL
CAN'T SAVE EARTH,
YOU FOOL! HOW CAN
YOU TAKE THE EXTRA
OXYGEN OUT OF THE
AIR? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HA HO HAAA!

BUT THE KEEN MIND
OF THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST MORTAL
HAS ALREADY
WORKED OUT A
PLAN TO SAVE
EARTH! A QUICK
TRIP INTO SPACE!

AH, HERE I AM IN
THE ASTEROID BELT!
THEY'RE THE BROKEN
CHUNKS OF AN EXPLODED
PLANET! MOST OF THEM
ARE JUST ROCK, BUT
SOME MUST BE MADE
OF THE METALS THAT
FORMED THE CORE OF
THE ORIGINAL
PLANET!

HERE'S WHAT I NEED! A HUGE CHUNK OF ALMOST PURE **MAGNESIUM**! I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN TO EARTH!

AS THE ASTEROID PLUNGES INTO THE OXYGEN-RICH AIR OF EARTH, IT BURNS INTO FLAME!

HA! THIS TERRIFIC HEAT IS COUNTERACTING THE CREEPING ICE AGE!



AND BEST OF ALL, THE BURNING METAL IS CONSUMING THE EXTRA OXYGEN IN THE AIR! IF I'VE CALCULATED RIGHT, THE AIR OUGHT TO BE BACK TO NORMAL SOON!

LATER, A QUICK CHECK-UP SHOWS THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL'S PLAN HAS INDEED SAVED THE WORLD!

HOW BACK TO BICK UP KING KULL!

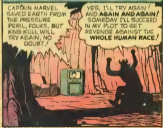


DOGGONE, I FORGOT! NATURALLY, THE ICE MELTED AND KING KULL ESCAPED!

AND SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS SECRET CAVERN...

CAPTAIN MARVEL SAVED EARTH FROM THE PRESSURE PERIL, FOLKS, BUT KING KULL WILL TRY AGAIN, NO DOUBT!

YES, I'LL TRY AGAIN! AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! SOMEDAY I'LL SUCCEED IN MY PLOT TO GET REVENGE AGAINST THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE!



Tightwad Tad



**TOUGH
BOSS!**



SP, OR, BOSS, OR, COULD I HAVE NEXT WEDNESDAY OFF, PLEASE?

WHAT! HAVE NEXT WEDNESDAY OFF?



YOU KNOW MY POLICE, JOHNSON! I NEVER GIVE ANY DAYS OFF!

BUT THIS IS AN EXCEPTION! NEXT WEDNESDAY IS MY SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!



I'D LIKE THE DAY OFF SO I CAN CELEBRATE IT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WELL, ALL RIGHT--



---BUT I HOPE I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TAD'S EVERY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

(GASP! !!)

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 - SECRET CODE
 - OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON



CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

DANNY'S SPORTING GOODS

MY CAR! STOP THIEF!

I'LL RUN TO THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS FOR HELP

AND I'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO THE DRAWBRIDGE, HOPE WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF!

STATE POLICE

SURE GLAD JIM WISE TOLD US ABOUT "P-F's"

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE HEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT... DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. GRABED RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

THANKS, MR. FLYING, THAT WILL STOP THE STOLEN CAR!

THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST ACTION, BOYS!

LUCKY WE WERE WEARING OUR "P-F's"

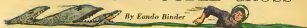
THEY HELPED US RUN AT OUR BEST ALL THE WAY

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY THEY HELP:

- ... LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ... INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ... YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER.

THE SPACE DOUBLE CROSS



By Eando Binder

DOWN on the red sands of Mars, beside an ancient canal, two figures battled. One was Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the famed Space Police, guardian of law and order throughout the nine worlds of the Solar System. The other was Blacky Moore, notorious space bandit, wanted for assorted crimes on assorted worlds.

Jon Jarl had tracked his quarry relentlessly all over space and had finally hounded him down here on Mars. Blacky had desperately pulled his ray gun, but Jon had shot it out of his hand. Now they were fighting it out man to man, slugging away ferociously.

Jon saw an opening, but hesitated for a moment, before punching his fist straight in the criminal's face. To Jon it was just like punching his own face! For Blacky Moore happened to be an exact and remarkable double of Jon Jarl!

Strange but true! Everybody had a double, it was said. Blacky Moore was of the same build as Jon, tall and athletic. They were the same weight within a pound. Both had brown hair and steely blue eyes. And their faces were as alike as two peas in a pod! Jon felt as if he were looking in a mirror and punching away at his own image!

Yet in one way they were as different as black and white. One was a policeman and the other was a vicious crook! In that alone they differed from each other inwardly. Outwardly nobody could tell them apart, except for their clothing.

Because they were so completely similar, they were evenly matched physically. The fight went on, both tiring at the same rate. Who would win?

"Guess it'll be a matter of pure luck," Jon grunted to himself.

And suddenly, luck turned against Jon. The soft sand gave way under his feet a bit, making him slip, just enough for Blacky Moore, with a yell of triumph, to smash a telling blow squarely on Jon's unguarded chin.

Without a sound, Jon sank to the ground, out cold.

When he came to, minutes later, he was dazed and bewildered. Were his eyes playing him tricks? Who was that tall figure standing there, in the uniform of the Space Police? Then, looking down at his own body, Jon saw the truth—he was wearing the crook's clothes!

"Yeah," laughed Blacky Moore, smoothing the uniform he wore. "I switched clothes with you while you were out. Get the idea! I'm your twin. In this uniform I can pose as the great Lieutenant Jon Jarl and get away with murder! It all came to me in a flash, after I knocked you out. I'm going to take your police ship now and scoot off into space, free as a bird! As for you, chum—"

Blacky Moore started pulling Jon toward the edge of the canal. Jon was too weak to resist. The next moment he was flung off the edge and hurtled down to the greenish black water below.

"I'll just let the Martian canal sharks finish you off," Blacky yelled gleefully. "When your slashed body, wearing my clothes, floats to the city, they'll close the police files on Blacky Moore, listed as dead. But all the while I'll be alive—as a Space Cop!"

Jon hit the water! Almost instantly, the vicious canal sharks snarled toward him, jagged teeth ready to rip him to ribbons. Jon had only one slim chance. Instead of swimming up hopelessly, he kept going down and down—to the muddy bottom! Barely ahead of sharp teeth, he stirred up the mud violently, forming a sort of underwater smoke screen for himself. The sharks, blinded, milled around in hungry search.

Jon turned and swam along the bottom, stirring up more mud as he went along. Would he never reach shore? He did not dare swim up for air, prey for the sharks. Lungs bursting, he finally felt rock and scrambled up on the canal bulwarks, one second ahead of snapping teeth.

Panting, exhausted, Jon sat on the rocks, grinning at the sharks in the water. He was safe!

Jon looked up at a roar and saw his own

ship rocket into space and disappear among the stars. Blacky Moore was at the controls. "I'll get you yet, Blacky!" Jon yelled, shaking a fist. "I'll get to Marsopolia, tell them who I really am, and then run you down out in space!"

Jon followed the canal across the barren desert. By dawn, his weary figure straggled into the city. Jon staggered toward a policeman on his beat. The cop stared, and yanked out his gun.

"Blacky Moore, space bandit! Grab space!"

"No, no!" gasped Jon. "You got it wrong, officer. You see, I'm really Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police and—"

But Jon was cut off by the patrolman. "Never mind the fishy stories, Blacky. Just march—to jail!"

Jon was stunned. The nightmare was getting worse. Now he'd be arrested as the space crook and thrown behind bars. How long would this crazy farce last? Jon shrugged. No sense resisting. He'd go along quietly. Sooner or later he'd prove his true identity, somehow!

But at that moment a big black rocket-mobile cruised around the corner, and spitting ray-guns opened fire—at the policeman! Jon shoved the officer down, saving him. The next moment the rocketmobile screeched to a stop and four desperadoes leaped out, grabbing Jon.

"Blacky Moore!" they yelled in delight. "Boy, it's lucky we came along and saved you from arrest. Come on, hop in!"

"No—wait," Jon tried to yell, but they ignored him and pulled him in the rocketmobile, speeding away. Jon groaned inwardly. "Rescued" by crooks! That was the worst thing that could happen, because now the hunting police would be sure he was Blacky Moore! Jon felt as if a diabolical net were drawing tighter and tighter, trapping him beyond hope. But the strangling web of fate drew even tighter, as one of the crooks tuned the radio to a commentator.

"Flash! A bold and amazing robbery was just pulled in space by none other than Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police! By means of his authority, he boarded a space freighter, and pretended to check the cargo of diamonds from Saturn for contraband. Then, he brazenly shot off into space in his ship—with the stolen loot worth ten million! Needless to say, Jon

Jarl is now a crook and will be hunted down relentlessly by the Space Police!"

Jon almost went mad! Blacky Moore had pulled the robbery of course, forever disgracing Jon's name! Jon was trapped like a rat at all turns. Hunted down as Blacky Moore was bad enough. But even if he revealed himself as Jon Jarl, he would be charged with crime!

Spinning in better circles, Jon's mind snapped. "Listen, you guys," he grated to the four crooks driving him out over the desert. "Take me to my hide-out. We're going to plan a job, too, and rob big loot like that Space Cop. How about it?"

"Sure, Blacky!" one crook returned. "We're with you. Let's go."

His new underworld companions took Jon to Blacky Moore's secret hideaway in the Martian desert. But as they began planning a crime job, there was an interruption, as a uniformed figure strode in, lugging a big sack of diamonds. It was Blacky Moore himself, returning to his hide-out!

Blacky was startled. "Hey, what are you guys doing here in my hide-out? I'm Blacky Moore and—"

JON grinned, jacking a thumb at him. "Listen to the guy, will you, fellows? Wearing that cop's uniform, he's trying to say he's Blacky Moore. Grab that dirty liar!"

"Sure, Blacky!" And the four crooks all piled up on the uniformed man, fists pounding away enthusiastically.

Jon had time now to sneak a gun. "Grab space, all of you!" He barked. "You all go to jail now."

Jon grinned at the battered face of Blacky Moore. "You don't look much like my double now, Blacky," he said. "Turned the tables on you, didn't I? You see, I knew you would come back to your hide-out, so I told these dumb crooks that I was joining them. You took my place before, so I took yours, laying this trap!"

Jon grinned. "I guess you might call that a double cross!"

THE END

Look for the next JON JARL adventure
in CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES.





WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER?

NOTHING MUCH! JUST GO THROUGH A LITTLE INITIATION, THAT'S ALL!



OKAY, BUT YOU BETTER, NOT HURT ME OR I'LL LOSE MY TEMPER!

DON'T WORRY! WE WON'T HURT YOU! COME ON IN!



HERE WE ARE!

WAVE A SEAT SO I CAN BLINDFOLD YOU!

WHY DO I HAVE TO BE BLIND-FOLDED?



THAT'S PART OF THE RULES. DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL ENJOY THE INITIATION!

I BETTER ENJOY IT, OR ELSE!



NOW WE'RE GOING TO WASH YOUR HANDS WITH ACID!

ACID? THAT BETTER BE A JOKE, OR ELSE!



WE USE SOAP AND WATER INSTEAD OF ACID! MINDS WE OUGHT TO SKIP THE INITIATION THIS TIME, CAPTAIN KID!

IF WE DO THAT, BULLHEAD WON'T FEEL LIKE A REAL MEMBER OF THE CLUB! WE'D BETTER GO THROUGH WITH IT!



BUT AS CAPTAIN KID REACHES FOR THE SOAP AND WATER...

I'LL GET THE 'ACID' AND GET STARTED!



AND AFTER THE INITIATION...

PSST, CAPTAIN KID! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

(GULP) SOME YELLOW PAINT MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE BOWL! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?





...IN JUST A SECOND!



IT'S ALL OVER! NOW YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED MEMBER!

YOU BUY WEEEDS AROUND WITH MY HAIR SO MUCH IT FEELS LIKE IT NEEDS A COMB!



MY HAIR CAME LOOSE! YOU DID USE ACID!

NO! NO! BULLHEAD! THAT'S A WIG! IT'S PART OF THE GAMB! LOOK IN THE MIRROR!



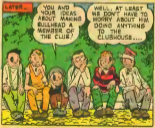
MY HAIR! IT'S GREEN!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TELL HIM TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR!



THAT'S NOT ALL THE ACCIDENT THERE'S GOING TO BE AROUND HERE!



LATER...

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS ABOUT MAKING BULLHEAD A MEMBER OF THE CLUB!

WELL, AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM DOING ANYTHING TO THE CLUBHOUSE...



...HE'S DONE ALL THAT COULD BE DONE TO IT ALREADY!!



CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR REGULAR MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION!

85V INIC0V6 P0WTLN RM G5V DL0W! GEGH
D526 V8D0 WY6LI WREZ6 H06L LFG 6L N0PY RM G5V
MUG 6H6FY! ZRW YR00B Y6SHLM RM LMY LU SRH
WY0V06H! G5V FIZ6 Y6L ELVH 6Y6 WIZI 6L
W0YR0P0W! 66H L6K 06H RM L6WV 6L WYUWZ
W! WREZ6W 66H0F0W P0WTLN! R0H Z
G6R00V! DZ6Y6 LU 66!

Captain MARVEL *and*

THE DOG DILEMMA

IT IS A UNIVERSAL HUMAN TRAIT TO ENVY OTHERS THEIR SEEMINGLY BLISSFUL EXISTENCE! BUT DID YOU EVER ENVY A DOG?

WELL, CAPTAIN MARVEL RAN ACROSS A MAN WHO LIVED THE LIFE OF A DOG AND FOUND IT WAS A DOG'S LIFE!



SOME PEOPLE, LIKE HERMAN KLOOD, HANDSMAN AND GARDENER, OFTEN SAY THEY ARE TREATED LIKE DOGS!

WEED THE GARDEN!
PAINT THE FERTIGY!
TEND THE HEDGES!
ALL I DO AROUND
HERE IS WORK-
WORK-
WORK-
WORK!
IT'S A DOG'S
LIFE!



HOWEVER, SOME DOGS OFTEN GET QUITE ROMA TREATMENT!

UH GOOD MORNING, MRS VAN DYKE!

A GOOD MORNING, HERMAN! IT'S TIME FOR POOP'S WALK!



BOY, THIS MUTT SURE LIVES THE LIFE OF RILEY, WHILE I WORK LIKE A SLAVE! IF I COULD ONLY CHANGE PLACES WITH THIS FAMILIAR PUP!



HEY... WHY NOT? WHY CAN'T I CHANGE PLACES WITH THIS LUCKY DOGG? SUPPOSE I PROJECTED MY MIND INTO THE DOG'S BODY? THEN I'D ENJOY HIS SOFT LIFE! I'VE GOT THE IDEA FOR THE GADGET I NEED ALREADY!



I'VE ALWAYS HAD A STREAK OF INVENTOR IN ME! IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE TIME, BUT I'LL MAKE AN EGO EXCHANGING MACHINE! QUIET, POOPISIE! GENIUS AT WORK!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AGAIN TAKING POOPISIE OUT FOR HIS WALK, HERMAN PREPARED TO TRY THE NEW MACHINE!

THIS OUGHT TO WORK! STEADY NOW, POOPISIE. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT! I'LL THROW THE SWITCH.



HOT DOG! IT WORKED! I, HERMAN KLODD, NOW EXIST IN THE BODY OF A DOG!

YIPPIE!



OH BOY! FROM NOW ON I'LL LEAD A LAZY AND LUXURIOUS LIFE! NO MORE HARD WORK FOR ME!



AND SOON, IN THE DOG'S BODY, THE MIND OF HERMAN DELIGHTS IN A CAREFREE EXISTENCE!

MY SWEETUNG YIPPIE POOPISIE DARLING!

AMMM! THIS IS THE LIFE!



BUT MEANWHILE, THE BODY OF THE GARDENER HAS HAD THE EGO-MIND OF POOPISIE THE DOG PUT INTO IT DURING THE EXCHANGE, AND



A SHORT TIME LATER, BOY REPORTER BILLY BATSON IS WITNESS TO AN AMAZING SIGHT!

HOLY MOLEY! A MAN CHASING A CAT, ON ALL FOURS, YET! HE MUST BE CRAZY!

SHAZAM!

ECHOING THE MYSTIC NAME, MAGIC LIGHTNING CRASHES DOWN, CHANGING BILLY INTO HIS OTHER FORM OF

BOOM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

CALM DOWN, JUSTICE! YOU CAN'T CHASE A CAT UP INTO A TREE!

HOLY MOLEY!
GRRRRR!
WOOF!
WOOF!
AUF!

MEANWHILE, AT THE VAN DYKE MANSION, WIFEMAN FINDS THE LIFE OF A DOG NOT ALL TO HIS LIKING!

POOPSIE! YOU MUST EAT YOUR DOGGIE BISCUITS!

THE MAN'S A MARRIAGE! HE BROKE AWAY FROM ME! I'D BETTER CATCH HIM!

Poopsie!

JUMP, POOPSIE! DO NICE-UHS TRICK, LIKE MUMMER TAUGHT YOU!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! NOW SHE WANTS ME TO DO TRICKS LIKE A HONGKONG / MAN! I REFUSE TO MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF!

WHAP!

BAD, BA-A-D DOGGIE! MUMMER SPANK!

YIPE!



HERMAN HAS ENJOYED FREEDOM UP TILL NOW-- BUT SUDDENLY...

ANA! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A STRAY DOG EVER SINCE MY OLD DOG DIED!



OH! I'M CAUGHT!

TAKEN HOME BY HIS NEW MASTER, HERMAN SOON FINDS HIMSELF LEADING A REAL DOG'S LIFE!



FIRST THING YOU GOTTA LEARN IS THAT I'M YOUR MASTER. SEE? A FEW ROCKS IN THE RUBS WILL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS!



grrrr! WHY DID I EVER CHANGE PLACES WITH A DOG? BUT NOW CAN I ESCAPE AND GET BACK WHO MY OWN BOOY? I'M TRAPPED!

BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS FOLLOWED "POOPERS" TRAIL AND...

DIGGING FREE OF THE DOSSHOLE, POOPER LEFT A TRAIL OF MUDDY BAW-PRINTS! HE MUST BE IN THERE!



A DOG BEATER! THE LOWEST FORM OF HUMANITY!

SNAP AT ME, WILL YOU? TAKE THAT! AND THAT!

CRASH!

WHAP!



TAKE SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE YOU RAT!

BAM!



YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL FOR CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND DOG-STEALING! TAKE OVER, OFFICER!



POOR LITTLE POOPER! YOU'LL BE HOWE SAFE SOON!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF A DOG'S LIFE! WHO SAID IT WAS FUN? ALL I WANT IS TO BECOME MYSELF AGAIN!

BUT HERMAN IS IN A STRANGE TRAP FOR NO ONE KNOWS OF THE BGG-EXCHANGER BETWEEN DOG AND MAN!

"IN THE DOCTOR ARE: WAA DYKE CALLED! THIS POOR MAN IS DERANGED! THERE'S ONLY ONE SAFE PLACE FOR HIM--A MENTAL HOSPITAL!"



"THAT DOGS MAD! HE MUST BE KILLED, CAPTAIN MARVEL!"

"I'VE GOT HIM, DOCTOR!"

"CAN'T ESCAPE!"



"GULP! ALL IS LOST! MY HUMAN BODY WILL BE LOCKED UP IN A PADDED CELL! AND I-- I'LL BE KILLED AS A MAD DOG! WHO IS HE?"



"POOR POOGH! YOU DON'T LOOK SAD! YOU LOOK SAD! IT'S ALMOST A HUMAN EXPRESSION --?"

THE KEEN MIND OF THE WORLD'S BRIGHTEST MORTAL SENSES THE TRUTH, AND...



"THESE! I DERIVED YOUR POW BY BGG! NOW WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO TELL US? HOLY MOLEY!"

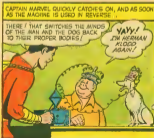
"NOW HE'S LEADING ME TO THIS WORK SHOP! WHAT'S INSIDE?"



WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL SEES THE BGG EXCHANGING MACHINE, HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

CAPTAIN MARVEL QUICKLY CATCHES ON, AND AS SOON AS THE MACHINE IS USED IN REVERSE...

THERE! THAT SWITCHES THE MINDS OF THE MAN AND THE DOG BACK TO THEIR PROPER BODIES!



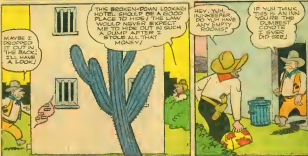
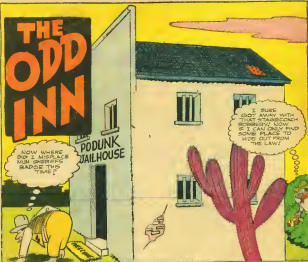
"YAY! IT'S HERMAN KLODD AGAIN!"

YOU SAVED ME FROM A DOGS LIFE IN THE WORST FORM, CAPTAIN MARVEL! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE HAPPY TO WORK HARD AS HERMAN THE HARDYMAN!

AND I IMAGINE POOPSIE IS GLAD TO BE JUST A DOG AGAIN, BACK IN THE ARMS OF ONE WHO LOVES HIM, EH, POOPSIE?"



THE ODD INN



HE DUMB? WHY, WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN I COULD WRITE LINCOLN'S OTTIE BLIND ADDRESS!

WHAT'S SMART ABOUT THAT?



COULD LINCOLN DO IT?

IF YORE SO SMART, I DON'T THINK YUH'D LIKE STOPPING AT THE HYAR 'HOTEL.' WHY DON'T YUH GO TO THE HOTEL IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN? ALL THE BIG SHOTS STOP THERE!



THOSE BIG SHOTS PROBABLY INCLUDE THE LAW, WHICH MEANS THEY'D BE TAKING LOTS OF SHOTS AT US! I'VE JUST GOT TO CONVINCHE THIS CRITTER TO LET US STAY 'HWAY!



I DON'T LIKE TO HANG OUT WITH BIG SHOTS BESIDES, THAT HOTEL HAS SMALL ROOMS!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN, SMALL?



THE LAST TIME I WAS IN THERE THEY GAVE ME A ROOM THAT WAS SO SMALL, EVERY TIME I SWALLOWED, MUM ADAM'S APPLE CHINED THE WINDOW!

BUT THIS HYAR 'HOTEL' IS ONLY FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE CONNECTED IN SOME WAY WITH THE LAW!



WELL, MUM BROTHERS A G-MAN!

YUH MEAN HE CHAGES BANDITS?



NOT THAT KIND OF G-MAN! HE'S A G-ARBAGE COLLECTOR!

IF HE COLLECTS GARBAGE, HOW COME HE LET YUH ESCAPE?







Captain **MARVEL** *and*

A NEW HOME FOR BILLY



HERE COMES
THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!

AND HERE
COMES
CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

HOLY MOLLY! IF I DON'T PUT OUT
THAT FIRE IN BILLY'S NEW HOME,
THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD
MAY BURN DOWN!

BILLY BATSON, BOY BROADCASTER OF RADIO
STATION WHIZ, OFTEN HUNTS DOWN NEWS,
BUT TODAY HE HUNTS DOWN SOMETHING
ELSE—NEW LIVING QUARTERS!

THIS APARTMENT IS JUST
WHAT I WANT! I'LL
TAKE IT!

THEN WELCOME
TO HAVEN HOUSE,
MR. BATSON!



MR. BATSON? THAT'S TOO
STIFF AND FORMAL!
JUST CALL ME BILLY,
MR. POTTER!

AND
YOU CALL US MA
AND PA POTTER,
BILLY!



WE'LL MAKE
YOU FEEL AT HOME
HERE, BILLY!

I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE
THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
TOO, BILLY! YOU'LL
MEET LOTS OF
NICE PEOPLE
AROUND
HERE!

IT'S
LIKE A SMALL
TOWN IN THE
HEART OF
THE CITY!



LATER, AS BILLY MOVES IN...

JEESUS! WHAT A LOAD! BUT I GOT IT ALL IN ONE TAGS TRIP!



BUT BILLY FINDS HE IS NOT ALONE IN HIS NEW APARTMENT!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HOME OF YOUR BUSINESS, BROT!



LOOK-- SHAZAM!

WHEN BILLY UTTERS THAT MYSTIC NAME, MAGIC LIGHTNING CRACKS DOWN, MIRACULOUSLY CHANGING HIM INTO HIS OTHER FORM.

THAT OF CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MOST TEST MORAL!

THAT PROBLEM WON'T GET FAR! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HE HAS UP TO!



AS HE REACHES THE BACK YARD, THE MYSTERIOUS PROBLEM PAUSES TO PERFORM A RUTHLESS DEED!



A GOOD FIRE DEPT. TO SIDETRACK CAPTAIN MARVEL!

ANY THESE CLOTHES ARE NICE AND DRY!



BOOM!



I'LL PULL THIS WHOLE LING UP IN THE AIR.

MY GOODNESS!



WOLY MOLEY! MA POTTER'S IN DANGER! GOT TO LET THAT LUG GET AWAY!

EEEEK!



AND WHIP THE FLAMES OUT, SO MA PORTER WON'T LOSE ALL HER WASH!



OOPS! PART OF THE LINE BURNED THROUGH AND DROPPED!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO TRY MY QUENCH GUN!

HOW? HOW DID YOU PUT THAT OUT SO FAST?



SIMPLY ENOUGH! I SHOT AN EXPLODING FOAM PELLET WHICH REDUCED THE COMBUSTIBLE'S CALORIC TO A POINT BELOW THE CRITICAL INCANDESCENCE TEMPERATURE!

OH!



IN OTHER WORDS, YOU SLURRED OUT THE FIRE WITH A PELLET OF SUFOCCATING FOAM! BUT WHO INVENTED THIS REMARKABLE NEW FIRE-FIGHTING TECHNIQUE?

WHY, I DID, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



YOU? HOLY HOLY! THAT'S ADVANCED STUFF FOR A KID YOUR AGE, ISN'T IT?

WELL, GOSH! I JUST LIKE TO EXPERIMENT AND MAKE THINGS! IN DEXTER KNOWS---I LIVE NEXT DOOR!



MEET AN AMAZING BOY! BILLY CAME TO MEET HIM AND MAKE FRIENDS! THAT PROBLEM'S LONG GONE, AWAY!

SHAZAM!



MAGIC LIGHTNING RETURNS CAPTAIN MARVEL TO BILLY BATSON!



HELLO, DEXTER!
I'M BILLY
BATSON! I
JUST MOVED
IN NEXT
DOOR!

BILLY BATSON?
WELL, WELCOME!
I'VE LISTENED TO
YOUR BROADCASTS
MANY TIMES! WOULD
YOU LIKE TO DISCUSS
THE THEORY OF THE
EXPANDING UNIVERSE?



WELL...UH...
...FRANKLY...

NEITHER WOULD
I! COME ON, HOW
ABOUT A GAME OF
DARTS?



LATER...

YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, DEXTER!
AND THAT'S SOME
LAB YOU HAVE!

GLAD YOU
LIKE IT! NOW HOW
ABOUT MEETING
MY PALS, AND
HAVING SUPPER
WITH US?



I'VE BEEN AN INVALID FOR
TEN YEARS AND HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO WORK! OUR FOOD
IS SIMPLE, BUT
WHOLESOME!

IT LOOKS
DELICIOUS
TO ME!

YOU'RE WELCOME
TO SHARE IT
WITH US,
BILLY!



AFTER SUPPER...

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH
MONEY, BILLY! THAT'S
WHY I'M TRYING TO IN-
VENT SOMETHING I
CAN SELL!

YOUR QUENCH
GUN SHOULD DO
THE TRICK! YOU
CAN PATENT IT!
LET'S GO TO YOUR
LAB AND MAKE
SOME PLANS!



SOMEONE'S HERE! IT'S
GUS CRAMMAY, THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
LOAFER!

THE SAME GUY
I CAN IN MY ROOM!
SHA...



BUT BEFORE BILLY CAN SAY
HIS MAGIC WORD...

I'LL TRY YOU FIRST, WITH
THE QUENCH GUN
ITSELF!

POW!

USH!



WHEN THE QUENCH GUN SERVES OF THE TWO
BOYS RETURN, THEY FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED!

I'VE BEEN STYING ON YOU FOR DAYS, DEXTER,
WAITING FOR YOU TO FINISH THIS INVENTION!
SEEMING THOSE GUNNIES ON GIE WAS SMART--
YOU SHOWED ME THE GUN WORKED! NOW I CAN
PATENT IT AND LOAF THE REST OF
MY LIFE!

AS FOR YOU TWO BRATS, THIS ROOM WILL NOT ONLY SUFFOCATE FIRE--- BUT HUMAN LIFE! IF I CUT OFF YOUR BREATHING, YOU'LL BOTH BE SHUFFED OUT!



A FRIENDSHIP THAT WAS SO RECENTLY FORMED SEEMS ABOUT TO END ABRUPTLY--- IN DEATH!

HOLY HOLEY! CAN'T BREATHE! WE'LL BOTH CHOKE TO DEATH!



BUT THE BOY GENIUS MAKES USE OF ANOTHER PRODUCT OF HIS KEEN MIND!



YOW! THAT STRONG WIND DID THE TRICK! WE CAN BREATHE AGAIN! BUT WE'RE STILL HELPLESS... UNLESS...



IT IS BILLY'S TURN TO USE HIS WITS AND COURAGE!

GO! TO STRAIN MY FACE CLOSE--- STEADY NOW... AH, IT CAUGHT MY GAS!



ONCE MORE MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN, AND ITS BLINDING FLASH HIDES THE CHANGE OF BILLY INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL!



COME ON, DEXTER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT CROOK, GUS CRUMBLY! WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

BOSH! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



GUS LIVES THIS WAY--- YIPES! JUDGE--- MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

HOLY HOLEY!



HOW DARE I DON'T STAY WITH ME! I'M A HELPLESS INVALID!

NO, I'LL TRY TO SAVE YOU, TOO, IF I CAN!



CAPTAIN MARVEL SETTLES THE QUESTION!

SUPPOSE YOU BOTH COME WITH ME? WE'VE GOT TO GO!



THERE YOU ARE, SAFE AND SOUND! AND THE FIREMEN ARE HERE ALREADY!



BUT BEFORE THE FIREMEN START, A FIGURE APPEARS WITH STRANGE WORDS!

WAIT! WATCH HOW I CAN PUT OUT THE FIRE WITH MY NEW INVENTION--THE QUENCH GUN! IT CAN SWIFT OUT FIRES IN NO TIME!



SO THAT'S YOUR SCHEME, GUS CRUMBLY? YOU DELIBERATELY STARTED THIS FIRE TO DIVULGATE THE GUN? BUT YOU WON'T DO THE DEMONSTRATING!



...THE REAL INVENTOR WILL GO TO IT, DEXTER!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S TERRIFIC! THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CAN CERTAINLY USE THAT GADGET!



LATER, WHEN ALL QUIETS DOWN

GUS CRUMBLY WENT TO JAIL, AND THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WILL PAY YOU HANDSOMELY FOR THE QUENCH GUN PATENT, DEXTER!

ALL OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND, BILLY!



FINALLY, AT HAVEN HOUSE

AT LAST I CAN SETTLE DOWN IN MY NEW PLACE! AND ALREADY I HAVE A WONDERFUL NEW PAL, A BOY SOUNDS! THE NEIGHBORHOOD BUYS MR. JUST SWELL!



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was cool! Take down made, "Gold standard" target shot about 1000 feet, range, extra accurate with hard wooden stock, here are

50 GIVEN!

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